This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

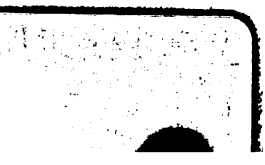
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07602090 2



VERSES

Verses

VERSES

Notes: 10/6/32 W.W.

VERSES

ETHEL MENDENHALL DIXON
MARY BELTZHOONER JENKINS
HELENE BUHLERT MAGEE

Published by three members of the class of 1903
for the benefit of the Wellesley College
Restoration and Endowment Fund

BOSTON, MASS.
MCMXIV

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

VERSES

Ethel Mendenhall Dixon
Mary Heltzhooner Jenkins
Helene Hughes Magee

Published by three members of the class of 1903
for the benefit of the Wellesley College
Restoration and Endowment Fund

BOSTON, MASS.
MCMXIV

1. Poetry, American — Colls. —
— Collegeverse — Wellesley

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
663632 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1933 L

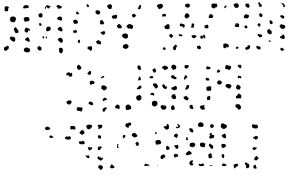


TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
THE QUEST Written for the Tree Day Pageant *The Romaunt of the Rose*	H. B. M.	3
A SONG OF BATTLE	M. B. J.	5
AN OLD MAN'S SONG	H. B. M.	6
SECOND FIDDLE	M. B. J.	7
SONG	H. B. M.	8
VENEZUELAN SERENADE	E. M. D.	9
EXCEPT	M. B. J.	11
LOVE	H. B. M.	12
COMPANIONSHIP	H. B. M.	13
I SAW YOU PASS BY IN THE STREET	H. B. M.	14
TRANSLATIONS The Leaf Written at the Base of a Crucifix	M. B. J.	15
TO ANNE ELIZABETH DARBY	E. M. D.	16
SONG	H. B. M.	17
FLIGHT OF SEA-GULL	E. M. D.	18
TO THE BITTER-ROOT MOUNTAINS	H. B. M.	19
FRIENDSHIP	E. M. D.	20
SNOW-WHITE	M. B. J.	21

VERSES

VERSES

Verses

AN OLD MAN'S SONG

All day I played, and grew with the flowers,
(Ireland's hedges are white in May!)
Laughed with the sunlight, cried with the showers,
Loud sang my merry heart,
"Life is play!"

I wedded a maid when the shamrock was green,
(Blue were her eyes as the June sky above!)
I was a king and she was a queen,
Low whispered heart on heart
"Life is love!"

I knelt by the side of her empty bed,
(Ireland was gray in the autumn rain.)
God and the world far away with my dead,—
"Sure," said my breaking heart,
"Life is pain."

All day I sit by the peat-fire's glow;
(Frosty and raw is Ireland's breath.)
Little reck I of the damp or the blow,
Peace keeps my tired heart,
"Life is death."

H. B. M.

SECOND FIDDLE

Above them all, I hear you, high and sweet,
Leading a melody that is replete
With gladness, or with pity, or with plea,
Sung as you will to play it:—But for me
Enough to string your second, as is meet.

Enough for me to measure out my beat,
A background to the theme in which you cheat
The music masters of their minstrelsy.
I am content.

Enough for me to follow where your feet
Shall choose—enough, to take the farthest seat
From your enthronement, so I may but see
You first in all the land, dear, so you be
Honored and loved; your happiness complete,
I am content.

M. B. J.

SONG

My Love hath stepped across the purple hills
To seek a fitter love than mine; ah me!
How heavy hangs the darkling cloud that fills
This vale I once did think so fair to see!

My Love hath found, across the purple hills,
The mighty heart she long hath loved and sought.
And lo! the darkling cloud no longer fills
My vale, so sweet a wonder hath been wrought!

My heart sped out across the purple hills,
And there my dear Love filled it, still and deep,
With her own joy, since when such rapture fills
My vale, I know not if I wake, or sleep!

H. B. M.

VENEZUELAN SERENADE

While the southern cross burns bright
O 'er La Guayra's purple dome,
To the soul of my delight
Through the fragrant night I come.
I have ridden fast and far
In the longing of my quest,
And pressed my steed
To his utmost speed
In the anguish of unrest.

By the jungles, dense and drear,
By the cañon's lurking shade,
I have traversed, void of fear,
The gloom of the forest glade;
Yet the breathless winds blow faint
In the terror of my pain,
And the bright stars pale
And the perfumes fail
In the fear of thy disdain.
But ah! if all lonely-sad
In the darkness at thy feet,
My heart should be rendered glad

By the promise I entreat,
When the red morn gleams on high
And the faint stars dip the sea,
I shall see above
The star of love
And dawn of new life for me.

E. M. D.

EXCEPT

Except the robin lifeless lie,
A victim in the eagle's claw,
The mountain-king himself must die,
For this is Nature's law.

Except the soldier meet his death
Upon the bloody battle-plain,
His country dies; his ebbing breath
Bids his land live again.

Except a corn of wheat shall fall
Into the ground, and waste, and die,
It is alone; dying, it brings
Fruit to eternity.

M. B. J.

LOVE

Once my heart walked in gray places,
  Orderly, sedate, and slow.
Now it wings in heavenly spaces,
  Cleaves the crimson sunset glow.

Once I gazed across the Unknown,
  Seeking God with hungry eyes;
Now there lies upon my hearthstone,
  All the light of Paradise.

H. B. M.

COMPANIONSHIP

All through the day I loved you so, dear heart,
That, though your task and mine lay far apart,
I kept you with me. Sweet to see you there,
And touch you, softly, on your wondrous hair,
And clasp your fingers in my empty hand.

So, when to-night at last I saw you stand
Within the doorway, gladness in your eyes,
I looked up with no shadow of surprise
To greet you, not as one come from away,
But as the dear, known comrade of the day.

H. B. M.

I SAW YOU PASS BY IN THE STREET

I saw you pass by in the street,
Warm clothes on your body,
Warm shoes on your feet;
I saw you pass by in the street.

Warm coat that was bought with my gold,—
How men's eyes would scorn you,
If I had but told
Your warm coat was bought with my gold!

I know that a wrong is a wrong;
Though the hungry be fainting,
And feasters grow strong,
I know that a wrong is a wrong.

So I let you pass by in the street.
In a clear day that 's coming
God means we shall meet.
So I let you pass by in the street.

H. B. M.

TRANSLATIONS

THE LEAF

From the French of Arnault

"'Broken off from the bough,
Poor withered leaf, thou,
Whither goest?'"
"'Ah, I may not say;
For the tempest has blown,
And the oak overthrown,
Alone my support and my stay.
By its wavering unkind
The light breeze or the wind
Blows me ever from valley to hill;
I have wandered again
From the wood to the plain,
And I go where the wind leads me still
Without fear,—without will,—
Where everything goes;
Where the laurel leaf blows,
And the leaf of the rose.'"

WRITTEN AT THE BASE OF A CRUCIFIX

From the French of Victor Hugo

"Ye who weep, come to Him, He weeps with thee;
Ye who suffer, come to Him, He heals all pains;
Ye who tremble, come to Him, He smiles on thee;
Ye who pass, come to this God, He remains."

M. B. J.

TO ANNE ELIZABETH DARBY

Black shade of walnut carving where the stair
Winds to the landing; central, full in view,
In satin shimmer of the palest blue,
Pauses a maiden; rich, warm brown her hair,
And deeply brown her luminous, grave eyes;
Pink in her cheeks like that the day-break glow
Casts in reflection on a field of snow;
Her red lips parted in a faint surprise
To find herself so gazed upon; one hand
Rests lightly on the banister; her gown
Clings to the foot poised for the next step down,
Though undecided still she seems to stand,
All dignity and grace. Ah! paint who can
As fair a picture as the Lady Anne.

E. M. D.

SONG.

It lies all fair about me,
The color of the spring;
It flashes clear above me
In the scarlet of a wing.
It flames in the cowslips' yellow,
It pales in the wind-flower's flush;
Burns keen in the tulip-borders,
Fades brown in the coat of the thrush.

Alone amid the young world's joy
My young sorrow goeth.
Dark against the apple-blows
My black garment showeth.

It spreads all gay about me,
The Summer's show of flowers.
They have more lovely colors
Than an August day hath hours;
Proud marigolds in orange,
Tall larkspur in burning blues;
Poppies and wall-flowers and pansies,—
Which flower,—which flower to choose!

Alone amid the bright world's joy
My young sorrow goeth.
Dark among the garden-rows
My black garment showeth.

H. B. M.

FLIGHT OF A SEA-GULL

Before the gloom of heavy mist low-lying,
Which sweeps, wind-driven, from the open sea,
On pinions wide, the turbid waves defying,
Skims a white sea-gull; joying to be free
He soars exultant over piling surges
To scan their hollow in a dizzy sweep,
And foam-flecked from the angry trough emerges,
Bending his bold flight shoreward. To the deep
He drops unfearing; on the surface lightly
An instant rocks, e'er with instinctive aim
He wheels on wings that cleave the dark fog brightly,
And darts into the distance.
Whence he came
None knows, nor whither bound, nor what mad
quest
Lures his wild spirit o'er the sea's unrest.

E. M. D.

TO THE BITTER-ROOT MOUNTAINS

No words of mine can touch you,—ye who lift
Proud heads above the Summer clouds, and lie
Serene and pure and far against the sky.
Across your noonday purple gleams the drift
Of never melting snows; thin rainclouds sift
Gray veils across your foreheads. Silent, high,
Peak beyond peak, you take with majesty
Dawn as a glory, sunset as a gift
Of riotous color, and the thunder's roar
Send strongly back to heaven, with peal on peal
Of echoed exultation. Could my feet
But cross your shining thresholds, should I meet,
Standing within eternity's wide door,
The God whose age-long travail you reveal?

H. B. M.

663632 A

FRIENDSHIP

Think not these silent years that lie between
Our friendship and to-day, have changed the love
And trust I gave thee; rather let them prove
My truth still thine, though thou be far, unseen.
Dear, as the sunlight on the mountain-tips
After the shadow, sifts each crevice bright,
And draws each tree and boulder to the light
More noticeably for its brief eclipse;
So shall my ceaseless love more clearly burn
Within the sunshine of thy presence, made
But dearer for this transitory shade,
Which shows me how to miss thee.
This I learn:
Sweeter a friendship that remains unmoved
By time and distance, than a love unproved.

E. M. D.

SNOW WHITE

(*An Interpretation of Grieg's "March of the Dwarfs"*)

One by one,
Stealing through the forest lone,
Step by step,
Slowly through the woods they creep,
Timid, slow,
Peering round the trees, they go.
Here and there a dwarfish brother
Stops to join him with another.
Now they march by twos and threes,
Tipping cautious 'neath the trees;
Now they are an army strong,
Pushing, tumbling along.
Not a word does each to each
Venture in his woodland speech;
But a weird and piercing yell
Here does impish woe foretell.
Now a laugh, uncouth and shrill,
Echoes far from hill to hill.
Elfin comrades join in,
Making, doubling the din,
Laughing loud, with whoop and shriek,

Piping voices, clear or weak.
Something strange the sound denotes
That comes so strangely from their throats.
Onward, onward, tumbling still
Struggling, jostling, up the hill.
Quietly, tipping once again,
They the topmost mount attain.
Then, creeping, crouching, hand in hand,
In a silent circle stand.

For here she sleeps, their sister, fair Snow-White,—
Sleeps where they placed her, and, through day and night,
From sun to moon she sleeps,—nor sees the light.

Here on the hilly slope, the mossy grass,
She sleeps forever, 'neath the crystal glass,
Snow-White, their sister fair, Alas, alas!

The dumb, wild rabbits scamper to and fro;
They softly come, and sadly peer, and low
Swayed over her, the willow weeps its woe.

With head in hand and impish garments queer,
The little sentinel that crouches near
Silently watches their Snow-white so dear.

Snow-white the doves that hover over-head,
Snow-white she lies. Snow-white her little bed,
Snow-white the tiny pillow 'neath her head.

Snow-white she sleeps. Snow-white her lovely
brow,
Snow-white her cheek, pure as the purest snow,
Snow-white the little hands clasped close below.

She sleeps, nor dreams of how they round her stand
Wondering and dumbly silent, hand in hand,
Longing to call her back from fairy-land.

The sister who had shared their woodland wild,
Since first they found her—she, the human child,
Who tempered their elf-life with presence mild.

Snow-White, their sister, in the little wood.
Whose human heart each elf-heart understood
Was more than all their elfin brother-hood.

But no!
Elfs they are, and elfs must go
Back to their old haunts, and so
Slowly creeping, down they go.
The forest beckons them, and still
Silent, tumbling down the hill,
Rolling, jostling, in their fall,
Answering the wild-wood call,
Back they go.
Rushing, rushing, onward still
Laughing wild, and shrieking shrill,
Weirdly on, from hill to hill

Creeps the band.
Now they tumble, band in hand.
Now they separate—and so
Silent through the woods they go.
Now again a weird cry lone,
Echoes once—and they are—gone!

M. B. J.

১৯
৭৯

MAR 2 0 1934